

my dear parents' heads on the pillow next to mine, and I have seen some reddish work done at night, and I can make you wish you had never seen the sun go down! (BETTY cries louder. She goes to BETTY, sits L. side of bed D. S. of MERCY, and roughly sits her up.) Now you . . . sit up and stop this! (BETTY collapses in her hands.)

- MARY What's got her? Abby, she's going to die! It's a sin to conjure and we . . .
- ABIGAIL I say shut it, Mary Warren! (Enter JOHN PROCTOR.)
- MARY Oh! I'm just going home, Mister Proctor.
- PROCTOR Be you foolish, Mary Warren? Be you deaf? I forbid you leave the house, did I not? Why shall I pay you? – I am looking for you more often than my cows!
- MARY I only come to see the great doings in the world.
- PROCTOR I'll show you a great doin' on your arse one of these days. Now get you home; (MARY crosses up and out.) my wife is waitin' with your work!
- MERCY (Rising, crossing to entrance. Tilted. Being aware of their relationship.) I'd best be off. I have my Ruth to watch . . . Good morning, Mister Proctor. (MERCY sidles out. Since PROCTOR's entrance, ABIGAIL has stood absorbing his presence, wide-eyed.)
- ABIGAIL She's only gone silly, somehow. She'll come out of it.
- PROCTOR So she flies, eh? Where are her wings?
- ABIGAIL (With a nervous laugh.) Oh, John, sure you're not believin' she flies!

- PROCTOR The road past my house is a pilgrimage to Salem all morning. The town's mumbling witchcraft.
- ABIGAIL Oh, posh! – We were dancin' in the woods last night, and my uncle leaped in on us. She took fright, is all.
- PROCTOR (His smile widens. Crossing to door.) Dancin' by moonlight! (ABIGAIL springs into his path.) You'll be clapped in the stocks before you're twenty.
- ABIGAIL (Barring his way at door.) Give me a word, John. A soft word.
- PROCTOR No – no, Abby, I've not come for that.
- ABIGAIL You come five mile to see a silly girl fly? I know you better.
- PROCTOR I come to see what mischief your uncle's brewin' now. Put it out of mind, Abby.
- ABIGAIL John – I am waitin' for you every night.
- PROCTOR Abby, you'll put it out of mind. I'll not be comin' for you more.
- ABIGAIL You're surely sportin' with me.
- PROCTOR You know me better.
- ABIGAIL I know how you clutched my back behind your house and sweated like a stallion whenever I come near! I saw your face when she put me out and you loved me then and you do now!
- PROCTOR Abby, that's a wild thing to say . . .
- ABIGAIL A wild thing may say wild things. I have seen you since she put me out, I have seen you nights.